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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

A Play of Love

MADE BY JOHN HEYWOOD

Date of the Earliest Known Editions, 1533–4

[*St. John's College and Magdalene College Libraries, Cambridge*]

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1909

Play of Love

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

A Play of Love

MADE BY JOHN HEYWOOD

1534

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GENERAL

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A Play of Love

Made by JOHN HEYWOOD

"A Play of Love" completes the list of interludes known to be written by, and also those attributed to, John Heywood. All are included in "The Tudor Facsimile Texts." When Hazlitt compiled his "Bibliography of Old English Literature," only one copy of this play was scheduled as extant. It was, moreover, imperfect; and of a later edition than the present one, having been printed by Waley between 1547-58. *Since then earlier impressions, printed in* 1533 *and* 1534 *by the brother-in-law of the author, Wm. Rastell, have been discovered. Of these, two copies, one of each date, are at present known.*

I am again indebted to the courtesy of the Pepysian Library authorities at Magdalene College, Cambridge, for permission to reproduce their unique example of this early interlude.

Pasted in the Magdalene original on A. i. verso (*back of title-page*) *is a portrait engraving of Samuel Pepys: otherwise the page is blank. As one of the special features of this series is to show originals as thoroughly as may be as they actually exist to-day, the portrait is retained. In truth, as we are indebted to the jovial secretary to the Admiralty and the president of the Royal Society of his day for a uniquely dated copy of "A Play of Love," it is not unfitting that his industry and taste as a collector, and his consequent connection with the early and later developments of English literature, indirect though this be, should be thus perpetuated.*

Mr. R. B. Fleming, contrasting this facsimile with the original copy, says that "taking the book generally the result is very good; the only real 'fault' is the blurred patches, and these are trifling in any page. There is a stain on the lower half of all pages, most pronounced on the outside edges; this occurs all through the book." Particular criticism is as follows:—

(1) *Title-page, this is much discoloured, specially the edges.*

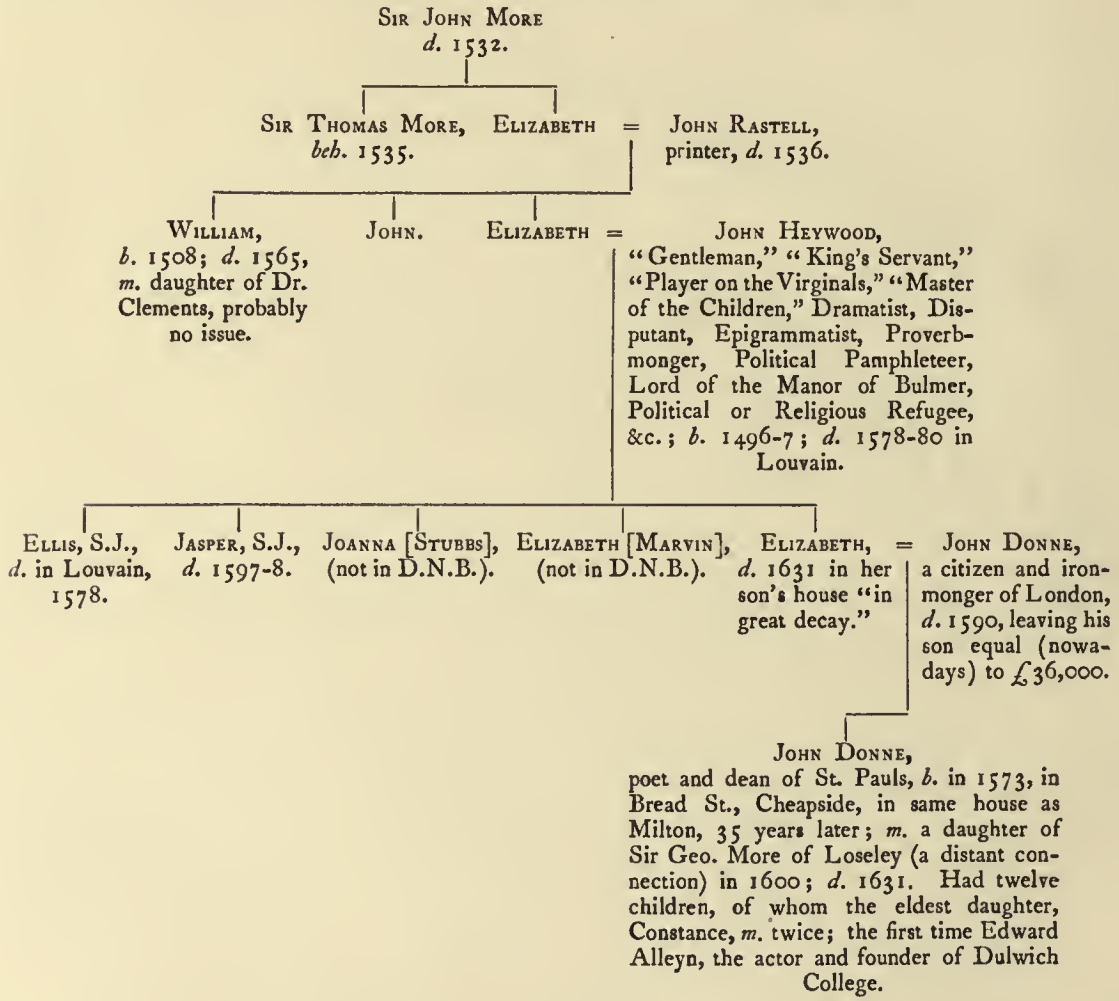
(2) [A. j.] verso, *the portrait is a very good reproduction of the original.*

(3) B. iij. *and* [iiij.] verso, *are somewhat blurred, particularly the latter. The same "fault" occurs on lower half of* [C. iiij.] verso *and* [D. iiij.] verso.

(4) C. j. *and* C. ij. verso, [C. iiij.] recto *and* verso, *and on* E. iij. recto, *the type shows through very much in the original, which is very "foxey" in places.*

189311

I have more than once referred to the fresh light recent research has thrown on the career and social status of John Heywood. Hitherto little indeed has been known, though conjecture was rife. Naturally, in the very circumscribed space now at my disposal, I can supply little more than the baldest sketch of some of the lines of recent inquiry; and I must perforce omit all detail, with many points also altogether untouched. I trust what follows will be of interest; and, for the rest, I can only refer to my forthcoming volume on the subject.



Two points I must premise: in the first place when I approached the subject nearly four years ago I was struck by the slavish fashion in which many writers on English literature followed the same track, copying from and quoting one another. This, combined with the utter paucity, apparently, of original research led me, in the second place, to jot down the known *facts of Heywood's record. With these as my starting-point I planned the assault and sack of every possible source of additional knowledge of the man, his times, his circle, and his work; whether from documents, associations, chance references, or any*

other likely quarry. In this connection Heywood's flight and residence in the Low Countries obviously suggested inquiry abroad. Seeking advice of Professor Bang of Louvain University as to some one competent to undertake such research, I was astonished to be informed that the work had "already been done" in Malines, Louvain, and Antwerp; that the result would be related in "Englische Studien"; and that I was welcome to the use of the new material. I am, therefore, indebted to this source for somewhat that follows (Band 38, 2, 234).

The most important discovery is that Heywood's social status was much superior and more assured than is generally supposed. The evidence of actual descent is not yet complete; but, as regards the social standing of his relatives and connections, his known and probable friends and acquaintances, his children and his grandchildren, the Table on page vi *is suggestive. I must, however, leave many interesting side-lights unremarked for the time being, with one exception: Heywood and his wife were of sufficient standing and close enough intimates of the Mores to be specially mentioned as informed of the comment of the Emperor Charles on Sir Thomas More's execution.*

Other points of particular interest on which new light has been thrown, or in respect to which inquiry is still in progress, relate to his place of birth, his university career (he probably went as early as fourteen—as did Wolsey and Udall; while his grandson, John Donne, went to Oxford when only eleven), his going to Court, his actual position there (it would appear he was musical tutor to the Princess Mary —a fact which explains much—and afterwards was associated with the Princess Elizabeth), the period of his literary activity, his advancement under Queen Mary, the connection between "The Spider and the Fly" and the Queen's grant of Bulmer (of which the Duke of Leeds is the present lord of the Manor), the probable date and companions of his flight to the Low Countries in the early days of Elizabeth, Wm. Rastell's will (in which Heywood's children chiefly benefited) and its connection with the family property in England, his children, grandchildren, and other descendants, &c.

I can only find further space to briefly narrate the newly discovered facts concerning his declining years. It was already known that in 1575 *(April* 8) *he wrote to Burghley from Malines ("where I have been despoiled by Spanish and German soldiers of the little I had"), thanking him for ordering his arrears from his land at Romney to be paid to him, and speaking of himself as "an old man of seventy-eight"; also that in a list of refugees (dated Jan.* 29, 1576) *he is mentioned—"John Heywood, Gent. of Kent" (Egerton Papers,* 63-5). *This is supplemented by the following extracts from a contemporary manuscript (in French) by Father Droueshout, S.J., entitled "History of the Society of Jesus at Antwerp." I omit for the present all but the most salient facts:*

"*In* 1573 *Elizæus [Heywood] S.J., proceeded from England to Antwerp to discuss matters with the magistrate of the city. The General of the Company (Society of Jesus) allowed him to continue to reside in Antwerp, where his knowledge of several languages made him very useful. [D.N.B. says he became spiritual father and preacher in the house at Antwerp.]* Elizæus' father then lived at Malines; persecuted for the faith,

he had come from England and settled himself there. *His son, the Jesuit, went to see him and console him. That, however, interfered with his work, and it was for this reason that Father Mercurian, General of the Society* [*of Jesuits*], *authorised the fathers in residence at Antwerp to admit to the College, with lodging and separate table, Elizæus' father, 'that worthy old man,' 'your venerable father.' This admission took place in* 1576.

"*When the troubles broke out at Antwerp in* 1578, *the Jesuits decided to send to Cologne 'those of us who would find it most difficult to save themselves by flight. We despatched to begin with* John Heywood, *the old octogenarian, with one of our number* [un de nos religieux] *to accompany him and conduct him to that town,' but he was stopped at the gates of the city, and the partisans of Mathias and the States compelled him to return to the College, whence 'none might go out before they were all alike chased out.'* [*April* 1578.]

"*The criminal oath, which it was sought to impose on all the* religieux (*to acknowledge the Pacification of Ghent and to fight against the Spaniards*), *being refused by the Jesuits, on the day of Pentecost their College was broken into and sacked, all the Fathers being made prisoners, including John and Elizæus* [*Heywood*]. *They were conducted together to the Bierhofd gate to be sent by water to Malines. Mathias and* [*the Prince of*] *Orange held different views as to violence.*

"[*The Prince of*] *Orange sent a courier to Malines so that the magistrates might keep the prisoners outside the gates, and secretly sent sixty horsemen to await them and kill them. The Jesuit prisoners, while on the water, addressed themselves to Mathias, who, desirous of saving them, sent beforehand to the commandant at Lierre to proceed to Malines, with a sufficient escort, to render assistance to the prisoners, and to send a courier to Louvain to Don Juan* [*the Spanish commander*] *for him to do the same, to meet the Fathers midway between Malines and Louvain.*

"*The prisoners arrived at Malines, and were forthwith condemned to be expelled. At half-past six in the evening, a few minutes before their expulsion, the escort arrived from Lierre. They met the Franciscans, also driven out of Antwerp. The escort of Don Juan was at its post, and all triumphantly entered Louvain on the* 26*th May* 1578.

"*The two Heywoods were benefactors of the Society* [*of Jesus*]."

The year 1578 *probably saw the end of Heywood's earthly pilgrimage, an old man of eighty-one: his son Ellis died the same year, as also did William Roper, his life-long friend. His son, Jasper, survived till* 1597-8, *whilst Elizabeth Donne lived well into the next century, till* 1631, *dying only about three months before her celebrated son, the poet and Dean of St. Pauls.*

This inquiry once reopened has already proved fruitful of results, and there are many signs that before long the materials for a really satisfactory biography will be available. Here, as I have already insisted, I can but barely refer to a small portion of the new evidence even now to hand, and reiterate that research is proceeding actively in several directions.

JOHN S. FARMER.

Οὐδὲν ῥιζοτερον ἢ πανα-
ειδεναι

A play of loue,

¶ A newe and a merry enterlude concernyng pleasure and payne in loue, made by Jhon Heywood.

Thomas Skeffington

The players names.

A man a louer not beloued.
A woman beloued not louyng.
A man a louer and beloued.
The vyse nother louer nor beloued.

W R

SAM·PEPYS·CAR·ET·JAC·ANGL·REG·IB·A·SECRETIS·ADMIRALIT·
G. Kneller pinx
R. White sculp
Mens cujusque is est Quisque

The louer not beloued.

LO syr, who so that loketh here for curtesy
And seth me seme as one pretendyng none
But as vnthought vppon thus sodenly
Approcheth the myddys amonge you euerychone
And of you all seyth nought to any one.
May thynke me rewde perceyuyng of what sorte
ye seme to be, and of what stately porte.

But I beseche you in most humble wyse
To omytte dysplesure and pardon me
My maner is to muse and to deuyse
So that some tyme my selfe may cary me
My selfe knowyth not where, and I asure ye
So hath my selfe done nowe, for our lorde wot
where I am, or what ye be, I knowe not.

Or whence I cam, or whyther I shall
All this in maner as vnknowen to me
But euyn as fortune guydeth my fote to fale
So wander I, yet where so euer I be
And whom or howe many so euer I se
As one person to me is euerychone
So euery place to me but as one

And for that one persone euery place seke I
which one ones founde I fynde of all the rest
Not one myssyng, aud in the contrary
That one absent, though that there were here prest
All the creatures lyuyng most and lest
yet lackyng her I shulde and euer shall
Be as alone syns she to me is all

And alone is she without comparyson
Consernyng the gyftys gyuyn by nature
In fauour fayrnes and porte as of person
No lyke beryth the lyke of that creature
Nor no tonge can attayne to put in vre
Her to dyscryue, for howe can wordes expres
That thyng the full wherof no thought can ges.

And as it is thyng inestymable
To make report of her bewty fully
So is my loue towarde her vnable
To be reportyd as who seyth ryghtly

For my soole seruyce and loue to that lady
Is gyuen vnder such haboundant fashyon
That no tonge therof can make ryght relashyon.

Wherin I suppose this well supposed
Unto you all, that syns she perceyuyng
As much of my loue as can be dysclosed
Euyn of very ryght in recompensyng
She ought for my loue agayne to be louyng
For what more ryght to graunt when loue loue requireth
Then loue for loue, when loue nought els desyreth

But euyn as farre wurs as otherwyse then so
Stande I in case in maner desperate
No tyme can tyme my sewt to ease my wo
Before none to erely and all tymes els to late
Thus tyme out of tyme mystymeth my rate
For tyme to bryng tyme to hope of any grace
That tyme tymyth no tyme in any tyme or place.

Wherby tyll tyme haue tyme so farre extyncte
That deth may determyne my lyfe thus dedly
No tyme can I reste alas I am so lyncte
To greues both so greate and also many
That by the same I say and wyll verefy
Of all paynes the moste incomparable payne
Is to be a louer not louyd agayne.

The woman belouyd not lo=
uyng entreth.

Belouyd not louyng. Syr as touchyng those wordes of comparyson
Whiche ye haue seyd and wolde seme to verefye
If it may please you to stande therupon
Hearyng and answeryng me pacyently
I doubt not by the same incontynently
Your selfe to see by wordes that shall ensue
The contrary of your wordes verefyed for true.

Louer not loued Fayre lady pleasyth it you to repayre nere
And in this cause to shewe cause reasonable
Wherby cause of reformacyon may appere
Of reason I muste and wylbe reformable
Louyd not louyng well syns ye pretende to be confyrmable
To reason, in auoydyng circumstaunce
Brefely by reason I shall the truthe auaunce.

ye be

ye be a louer no whyt louyd agayne
And I am louyd of whom I loue nothyng
Then standyth our question betwene these twayne
Of louyng not louyd, or louyd not louyng
which is the case moste paynfull in sufferyng
wherto I saye that the moste payne doth moue
To those belouyd of whome they can not loue

Louer not louyd. Those wordes approued lo, myght make a chaunge
Of myne opinion / but verely
The case as ye put it I thynke more straunge
Then true, for though the belouyd party
Can not loue agayne, yet possyblyy
Can I not thynke, nor I thynke neuer shall
That to be louyd can be any payne at all.

Belouyd not louyng. That reason perceyuyd and receyuyd for trouth
From proper comparyson sholde clere confounde me
Betwene payne & no payne, no such comparyson growth
Then or I can on comparyson grounde me
To proue my case paynefull ye haue fyrst bounde me
To which syns ye dryue me by your denyall
Marke what ensueth before ferther tryall.

I saye I am louyd of a certayne man
whom for no sewt I can fauour agayne
And that haue I tolde hym syns his sewt began
A thousand tymes but euery tyme in vayne
For neuer seaseth his tonge to complayne
And euer one tale whiche I neuer can flee
For euer in maner where I am is he.

Nowe if you to here one thyng euery where
Contrary to your appetyte sholde be led
were it but a mouse lo sholde pepe in your ere
Or alway to harpe on a crust of bred
Howe coulde you lyke such harpyng at your hed
Louyng not louyd. Somewhat dyspleasaunt it were I not deny
Louyd not louyng. Then somewhat payneful as well seyd say I

Dyspleasure and payne be thynges ioyntly anexe
For as it is dyspleasaunt in payne to be
So it is paynefull in dyspleasure to be vexe
Thus by dyspleasure in payne ye confes me
wherby syns ye part of my payne do see
In my ferther payne I shall nowe declare

That payne by whyche with your payne I compare.

Smale were the quantyte of my paynfull smerte
yf hys iangelynge percyd no further then myne erys
But thorough myne erys dyrectly to myne harte
percyth his wordys euyn lyke as many sperys
By whyche I haue spent so many and suche terys
That were they all red as they be all whyte
The blood of my harte had be gone or thys quyte

And almoste in case as though it were gone
Am I except hys sewt take end shortely
For it doth lyke me euyn lyke as one
Shold offer me seruyce most humbly
wyth an axe in hys hande, contynually
Besechynge me gentylly that thys myght be sped
To graunte hym my good wyll to stryke of my hed

I alledge for generall thys one symplytude
Auoydyng rehersale of paynes partyculer
To abreuiate the tyme and to exclude
Surplusage of wordes in thys our mater
By whyche ensaumple yf ye consydere
Ryghtly my case at lest wyse ye may see
My payne as paynfull as your payne can bee.

And yet for shorter end put case that your payne
were oft tymes more sharpe and sore in degre
Then myne ys at any tyme yet wyll I proue playne
My payne at lenght sufficyent to match ye
whiche proue to be true your selfe shall agre
yf your affeccyon in that I shall respyght
May suffer your reason to vnderstande ryght

you stand in plesure hauyng your loue in syght
And in her absens hope of syght agayne
Keppyth moste tymes possessyon of some delyght
Thus haue you oft tymes some way ease of payne
And I neuer no way for when I do remayne
In hys presens, in dedly payne I sorrowne
And absent, halfe ded in feare of hys retourne

Syns presens nor absens absenteth my payne
But alway the same to me is present
And that by presens and hope of presens agayne
Ther doth appere myche of your tyme spente

Out of

Out of payne, me thynke this consequent
That my payne may well by meane of the length
Compate with your shorter payne of more strength

Louer not loued. Maystres if your long payne be no stronger
Then is your longe reason agaynst my shorte payne
ye lacke no lycklyhod to lyue much longer
Then he that wolde stryke of your hed so fayne
yet lest ye wolde note me your wordes to dysdayne
I am content to agree for a season
To graunt and enlarge your latter reason

Amytte by her presens halfe my tyme pleasaunt
And all your tyme as paynefull as in case can be
yet your payne to be most, reason wyl not graunt
And for ensample I put case that ye
Stood in colde water all a day to the kne
And I halfe the same day to myd leg in the fyer
wolde ye chaunge places with me for the dyer

Loued not louyng. Nay that wolde I not be ye assuered
Louer not loued. Forsoth and my payne aboue yours is as yll
As fyre aboue water thus to be endewred
Came my payne but at tymes and yours contynue styll
yet shold myne many weys to whome can skyll
Shewe yours, in comparyson betwene the twayne
Skantly able for a shadowe to my payne

Felt ye but one pang such as I fele many
One pang of dyspayre, or one pang of desyre
One pang of one dysplesaunt loke of her eye
One pang of one worde of her mouth as in yre
Or in restraynt of her loue which I requyre
One pang of all these felt ones in all your lyfe
Sholde quayle your opinyon and quench all our stryfe

which panges I say admytted short as ye lyst
And all my tyme besyde pleasaunt as ye please
yet coulde not the shortnes the sharpnes so resyst
The peryng of my harte in the lest of all these
But much it ouermacheth all your dysease
For no whyt in effecte is your case dysplesaunt
But to deny a thyng which ye lyst not to graunt

Or to here a lewter by dayly peticyon
In humble maner as wyt can deuyse

Requyre

Requyre a thyng so standyng in condyschyon
As no porcyon of all his enterpryse
Without your consent can spede in any wyse
This sewt thus attempted neuer so long
Doubt ye no deth tyll your payne be more strong

Howe syns in this mater betwene vs dysputed
Myne admyttance of your wordes notwithstandyng
I haue thus fully your part confuted
What can ye say nowe I come to denyeng
Your pryncyple, graunted in my foresayeng
Which was this, by the presens of my lady
I graunted you halfe my tyme spent pleasauntly

Although myne affeccyon ledyth me to consent
That her selde presens is my relefe onely
Yet as in reason appereth all my torment
Bred by her presens and marke this cause why
Before I sawe her I felt no malydy
And syns I sawe her I neuer was fre
From twayne the greatest paynes that in loue be

Desyre is the fyrst vpon my fyrst syght
And despayre the nexte vpon my fyrst sewt
For vpon her fyrst answere hope was put to flyght
And neuer came syns in place to dyspewt
Howe bryngeth then her presens to me any frewt
For hopeles and helpeles in flames of desyre
And droppes of despayre I smolder in fyre

These twayne beyng endeles syns they began
And both by the presens of her wholly
Begon and contynued, I wonder if ye can
Speke any worde more, but yelde ymmedyately
For had I no mo paynes but these, yet clerely
A thousande tymes more is my grefe in these twayne
Then yours in all the case by which ye complayne

Loued not louyng. That is as ye say but not as I suppose
Nor as the treuth is, which your selfe myght se
By reasons that I coulde and wolde dysclose
Sauyng that I see such partyalyte
On your parte, that we shall neuer agre
Unlesse ye wyll admyt some man indyfferent
Indyfferently to heare vs, and so gyue iudgement.

Agred,

Louer not loued. Agred, for though the knowledge of all my payne
Case my payne no whyt yet shall it declare
Great cause of abashement in you to complayne
In counterfet paynes with my payne to conipare
But here is no iudge mete, we must seke elles where
Louyd not louyng. I holde me content the same to condyscende
Please it you to set forth and I shall attend.

Here they go both out and the louer be-
louyd entreth with a songe.

Louer belouyd. By comen experyence who can deny
Inpossibylyte for man to showe
His inward entent, but by sygnes outwardly
As wrytyng, speche, or countenaũce, wherby doth growe
Outwarde percepuynge inwardly to knowe
Of euery secrecy in mans brest wrought
Fro man vnto man the effecte of eche thought

These thynges well weyd in many thynges shewe nede
In our outwarde sygnes to shewe vs so that playne
Accordyng to our thoughtes/wordes and sygnes procede
For in outwarde sygnes where men are sene to fayne
What credence in man to man may remayne
Mans inwarde mynde with outward sygnes to fable
May sone be more comen than cõmendable.

Much are we louers then to be commendyd
For loue his apparence dyssembleth in no wyse
But as the harte felyth lyke sygnes alway pretendyd
who fayne in apparence are loues mortall enmyes
As in dyspayr of spede who that can myrth deuyse
Or hauyng graunt of grace can shewe them as morners
Such be no louers but euyn very skorners.

The true louers harte that can not obteyne
Is so tormentyd that all the body
Is euermore so compelde to complayne
That soner may the sufferer hyde the fury
Of a feruent feuer, then of that malady
By any power humayne he possyble may
Hyde the leste payne of a thousande I dare say.

And he who in louyng hath lot to suche lucke.
That loue for loue of his loue be founde
Shalbe of power euyn as easely to plucke
The mone in a momet with a fynger to grounde

Is of his ioy to enclose the rebounde
But that the reflecciõ therof from his harte
To his beholders shall shyne in eche parte

Thus be a louer in ioy or in care
All though wyll and wyt his estate wolde hyde
yet shall his semblaunce as a dyale declare
Howe the clocke goeth which may be well applyed
In abrygement of circumstaũce for a guyed
To leade you in fewe wordes by my byhauour
To knowe me in grace of my ladyes fauour.

For beyng a louer as I am in dede
And therto dysposyd thus pleasauntly
Is a playne apparence of my such spede
As I in loue cowld wysh and vndoubtedly
My loue is requyted so louyngly
That in euery thyng that may delyght my mynde.
My wyt can not wyshe it so well as I fynde

which thyng at full consydred, I suppose
That all the whole worlde must agree in one voyce
I beyng beloued as I nowe dysclose
Of one beyng chefe of all the hole choyce
Must haue incomparable cause to reioyce
For the hyest pleasure that man may obtayne
Is to be a louer beloued agayne

Nother louer nor loued entreth

No louer nor loued. Howe god you good euyn mayster woodcock
Louer loued. Cometh of rudenesse or lewdenesse that mock
No louer nor loued. Come wherof it shall ye come of such stock
That god you good euyn mayster woodcock.
Louer loued. This losell by lyke hath lost his wyt
No louer nor loued. Nay nay mayster woodcock not a whyt
I haue knowen you for a woodcock or this
Or els lyke a woodcock I take you a mys
But though for a woodcock ye deny the same
yet shall your wyt wytnes you mete for that name.
Louer loued. Howe so?
No louer nor loued. Thus lo.
I do perceyue by your formare proces.
That ye be a louer wherto ye confes
your selfe beloued in as louyng wyse
As by wyt and wyll ye can wyshe to deuyse

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Concludyng therin determinately
That of all pleasures plesaunt to the body
The hyest pleasure that man may obtayne
Is to be a louer beloued agayne
In which conclusyon before all this flock
I shall proue you playne as wyse as a woodcock

Louer loued. And me thynke this woodcock is found on thy syde
Contrary to curtsy and reason to vse
Thus rudely to rayle or any worde be tryed
In proke of thy parte, wherby I do refuse
To answere the same, thou canst not excuse
Thy foly in this, but if thou wylt say ought
Assay to say better for this seyng is nought

No louer nor loued. well syns it is so that ye be dyscontent
To be called fole or further matter be spent
wyll ye gyue me leaue to call ye fole anone
when your selfe perceyueth that I haue proued you one.

Louer loued. ye by my soule and wyll take it in good worth

No louer nor loued. Nowe by my fathers soule then wyll we euyn forth
That parte reherced of your seyng or this
Of all our debate the onely cause is
For where ye afore haue fastly affirmed
That such as be louers agayne beloued
Stande in most pleasure that to man may moue
That tale to be false truthe shal truely proue

Louer loued. what folke aboue those lyue more plesauntly

No louer nor loued. what folke mary euyn such folke as am I

Louer loued. Beyng no louer what man may ye be

No louer nor loued. No louer no by god I warraunt ye
I am no louer in such maner ment
As doth appere in this purpose present
For as touchyng women go where I shall
I am at one poynt with women all.
The smothest the smyrkest the smallest
The trewest / the trymest/the tallest/
The wysest/the wylyest/the wyldest/
The merryest/the manerlyest/the myldest/
The strangest/the strayghtest/the strongest/
The lustyest/the lest/or the longest/
The rashest/the ruddyest / the roundest/
The sagest/the salowest / the soundest/
The coyest/the curstest/the coldest/
The bysyest/the bryghtest / the boldest/
The thankfullest/the thynest / the thyckest/
The sayntlyest/the sewrest / the syckest/
Take these with all the reste and of euerychone

So god be my helpe I loue neuer one.

Louer loued. Then I beseche the this one thynge tell me
Howe many women thynkest thou doth loue the

No louer nor loued. Syr as I be saued by ought I can proue
I am beloued euyn lyke as I loue

Louer loued. Then as appereth by those wordes rehersed
Thou art nother louer nor beloued

No louer nor loued. Nother louer nor beloued that is euen true

Louer loued. Syns that is true I merueyll what can ensue
For prose of thy parte in that thou madest auaunt
Of both our estates to proue thyne most plesaunt

No louer nor loued. My parte for most plesaunt may sone be gest
By my contynuall quyetyd rest

Louer loued. Beyng no louer who may quyet be?

No louer nor loued. Nay beyng a louer what man is he
That is quyet

Louer loued. Mary I

No louer nor loued. Mary ye lye

Louer loued. what pacyens my frende ye are to hasty
If ye wyll paciently marke what I shall say
your selfe shall perceyue me in quyet alway

No louer nor loued. Say what thou wyll and I therin protest
To beleue no worde thou sayst most nor lest

Louer loued. Than we twayne shall talke both in vayne I see
Except our mater awarded may be
By iudgement of some indifferent herer

No louer nor loued. Mary go thou and be an inquerer
And if thou canst bryng one any thyng lyckly
He shalbe admytted for my parte quyckly

Louer loued. Howe by the good god I graunt to agree
For be thou assewred it seometh me
That thou shuldest compare in pleasure to be
Lyke me, and surely I promyse the
One way or other I wyll fynde redres

No louer nor loued. Fynde the best and nert way thy wyt can ges
And except your nobs for malous do nede ye
Make brefe returne a felyshyp spede ye.

The louer loued goth out.

No louer nor loued. My merueyll is no more then my care is small
what knaue this foole shall bryng beyng not perciall
And yet be he false and a folyshe knaue to
So that it be not to much a do
To bryng a daw to here and speke tyght
I force for no man the worth of a myte
And syns my doubt is so small in good spede

what

what shulde my studye be more then my nede
Tyll tyme I perceyue this woodcock commyng
My parte hereof shulde pas euyn in mummyng
Sauyng for pastyme syns I consyder
He beyng a louer and all his mater
To depende on loue and contrary I
No louer, by which all such standyng by
As fauour my parte, may feare me to weyke
Agaynst the louyng of this louer to speyke
I shall for your confort declare suche a story
As shall perfetly plant in your memory
That I haue knowledge in louers lawes
As depe as some dosyn of those dotyng dawes
which tolde all ye whose fansyes sticke nere me
Shall knowe it causeles in this case to feare me
For though as I shewe I am no louer now
Nor neuer haue ben yet shall I shewe yow
How that I ones chaunced to take in hande
To fayne my selfe a louer ye shall vnderstande
Towarde such a swetyng as by swete sent sauour
I knowe not the lyke in fashyon and fauour
And to begyn
At settyng in
Fyrst was her skyn
whyt smoth & thyn
And euery vayne
So blewe sene playne
Her golden heare
To see her weare
Her weryng gere
Alas I fere
To tell all to you
I shall vndo you
Her eye so rollyng
Ech hart cõtrollyng
Her nose not long
Nor stode not wrong
Her fynger typs
So clene the clyps
Her rosy lyps
Her chekes gossyps
So fayre so ruddy
It areth studdy
The hole to tell
It dyd excell
It was so made

That euyn the shade
At euery glade
wolde hartes imiade
The paps so small
And rounde with all
The wast not myckyll
But it was tyckyll
The thygh the kne
As they sholde be
But suche a leg
A louer wolde beg
To set eye on
But it is gon
Then syght of the fote
Ryst hartes to the rote
And last of all sent katherynes whele
was neuer so round, as was her hele
Ascawt her harte and who coulde wynne it
As for her hele no holde in it
yet ouer that her beawty was so muche
In pleasaunt qualytes her graces were such
For dalyaunt pastaunce pas where she sholde
No greater dyfference betwene lede and golde
Then betwene the rest and her, and suche a wyt
That no wyght I wene myght matche her in it
If she had not wyt to set wyse men to scole
Then shall my tale proue me a starke fole
But in this matter to make you mete to ges
ye shall vnderstand that I with this maystres
Fyll late acquaynted and for loue no whyt
But for my pleasure to approue my wyt
Howe I coulde loue to this trycker dyssymble
who in dyssymelyng was perfyt and nymble
For where or whan she lyst to gyue a mock
She coulde and wolde do it beyonde the nock
wherin I thought that if I trysed her
I shulde therby lyke my wyt the better
And if she chaunsed to tryp or tryse me
It sholde to learne wyt a good lesson be
Thus for my past tyme I dyd determyn
To mock or be mockt of this mockyng vermyn
For which her presens I dyd fyrst obtayne
And that obtayned forthwith fell we twayne
In great acquayntaunce and made as good chere
As we had ben acquaynted twenty yere
And I through fayre flatteryng behauour

Semyd

Semed anone so depe in her fauour
That though the tyme then so farre passed was
That tyme requyred vs asonder to pas
yet could I no paspoyt get of my swettynge
Tyll I was full woed for the next dayes metynge
For sewrauns wherof I muste as she bad
Gyue her in gage best iuell I there had
And after mych myrth as our wyttes coulde deuyse
we parted and I the nexte morne dyd aryse
In tyme not to tymely suche tyme as I coulde
I alowe no loue where slepe is not alowde
I was or I entred this iorney bowd
Deckt very clenly but not very prowd
But trym must I be, for slouenly lobers
Haue ye wot well no place amonge louers
But I thus deckt at all poyntes poynt deuyce
At dore were this trull was I was at a tryce
wherat I knocked her presens to wyn
wherwith it was opened and I was let yn
And at my fyrste commyng my mynyon semed
Very mery, but anone she myldemed
That I was not meryly dyspoised
And so myght she thynke, for I disclosed
No worde nor loke, but such as shewed as sadly
As I in dede inwardly thought madly
And so must I shewe for louers be in rate
Somtymes mery but most tymes passyonate
In geuyng thankes to her of ouer nyght
we set vs downe an heuy couple in syght
And therwithall I fet a sygh such one
As made the forme shake which we both sat on
wherupon she without more wordes spoken
Fell in weppyng as her harte shulde haue broken
And I in secret laughyng so hartely
That from myne eyes cam water plenteously
Anone I turned with loke sadly that she
My weppyng as watery as hers myght se
which done these wordes anone to me she spake
Alas dere harte what wyght myght vndertake
To shewe one so sad as you this mornyng
Beyng so mery as you last euenyng
I so farre then the meryer for you
And without desert thus farre the sadder now.
The selfe thyng quoth I which made me then gladde
The selfe same is thynge that maketh me nowe sadde
The loue that I owe you is origynale

Grounde

Grounde of my late ioy and present payne all
And by this meane, loue is euermore lad
Betwene two angels one good and one bad
Hope and drede which two be alway at stryke
which one of them both with loue shall rewle most ryke
And hope that good angell fyrst parte of last nyght
Drawe drede that bad angell out of place quyght
Hope sware I sholde streyght haue your loue at ones
And drede this bad angell sware bloud and bones
That if I wan your loue all in one howre
I sholde lose it all agayne in thre or fowre
wherin this good angell hath lost the mastry
And I by this bad angell won this agony
And be ye sewer I stande nowe in such case
That if I lacke your contynued grace
In heuyn/hell/or yerth / there is not that he
Saue onely god that knoweth what shall come on me
I loue not in rate all the common flock
I am no fayner nor I can not mock
wherfore I beseche you that your rewarde
May wytnesse that ye do my truthe regarde
Syr as touchyng mockyng quoth she I am sewer
ye be to wyse to put that here in vre
For nother gyue I cause why ye so shulde do
Nor nought coulde ye wynne that way wurth an old sho
For who so that mocketh shall surely stur
This olde prouerbe mockum moccabitur
But as for you I thynke my selfe assewred
That very loue hath you hyther alewred
For which quoth she let hope hop vp agayne
And vaynquysh dred so that it be in vayne
To dred or to doubt but I in euery thyng
As cause gyueth cause wylbe your owne derlyng
Swete harte quoth I after stormy colde smertes
warm wordes i warm louers bryng louers warm hartes
And so haue your wordes warmed my harte euyn nowe
That dredles and doubtles now must I loue you
Anone there was I loue you and I loue you
Louely we louers loue eche other
I loue you and I for loue loue you
My louely louyng loued brother
Loue me, loue the, loue we, loue he, loue she,
Vepper loue apparent in no twayne can be
Mupte ouer the eares in loue and felt no ground
Had not swymmyng holpe in loue I had byn dround
But I swam by the shore the vauntage to kepe

To mock

To mock her in loue seinyng to swym more depe
Thus contynued we day by day
Tyll tyme that a moneth was passed away
In all the which tyme suche awayt she toke
That by no meane I myght ones set one loke
Upon any woman in company
But streyght way she set the fynger in the eye
And by that same aptnes in ielousy
I thought sewer she loued me perfetly
And I to shewe my selfe in lyke louyng
Dyssimyled lyke chere in all her lyke lokyng
By this and other lyke thynges then in hande
I gaue her mockes me thought aboue a thousand
wherby I thought her owne tale lyke a but
Stack to her owne back mockum moccabitur
And vpon this I fell in deuysyng
To bryngc to ende this ydell dysgysyng
wherupon sodaynly I stale away
And when I had ben absent halfe a day
My harte mysgaue me by god that bought me
That if she myst me where I thought she sought me
She sewer wolde be madde by loue that she ought me
wherin not loue, but pety so wrought me
That to returne anone I bethought me
And so returned tyll chaunse had brought me
To her chamber dore and hard I knocked
Knock softe quoth one who the same vnlocked
An auncyent wyse woman who was neuer
From this sayd swetyng but about her euer
Mother quoth I howe doth my dere darlyng
Dede wretch cryed she euyn by thyne absentyng
And without mo wordes the dore to her she shyt
I standyng without halfe out of my wyt
In that this woman sholde dye in my faute
But syns I coulde in there by none assawte
To her chamber wyndowe I gat about
To see at the lest way the cors layd out
And there lokyng in by godes blessed mother
I sawe her naked a bed with an other
And with her bedfelowe laught me to scorne
As meryly as euer she laught before
The which when I saw, and then remembryd
The terryble wordes that mother Brendryd
And also bethought me of euery thyng
Shewed in this woman true loue betokenyng
My selfe to see serued thus prately

To my selfe I laughed euyn hartely
with my selfe consyderyng to haue had lyke spede
If my selfe had ben a louer in dede.
But nowe to make som matter wherby
I may take my leue of my loue honestly
Swete hart quoth I ye take to much vpon ye
No more then becomes me knowe thou well quoth she
But thou hast takyn to much vpon the
In takyng that thou toke in hande to mock me
wherin from begynnyng I haue sene the iet
Lyke as a foole myght haue iettyd in a net
Beleuyng hymselfe saue of hym selfe onely
To be perceyued of no lyuyng body
But well saw I thyne entent at begynnyng
was to bestow a mock on me at endyng
when thou laughedest dyssymulyng a weppyng hart
Then I with weppyng eyes played euyn the lyke part
wherwith I brought in moccum moccabitur
And yet thou beyng a long snowted cur
Coulde no whyt smell that all my meanyng was
To gyue mock for mock as now is come to pas
which now thus passed if thy wyt be handsome
May defende the from mockes in tyme to come
By clappyng fast to thy snowt euery day
Nostrum moccabitur for a nosegay
wherwith shestart vp and shyt her wyndowe to
which done I had no more to say nor do
But thynke my selfe or any man elles a foole
In mockes or wyles to set women to scoole
But nowe to purpose wherfore I began
All though I were made a fole by this woman
Concernyng mockyng yet doth this tale approue
That I am well sene in the arte of loue
For I entendyng no loue but to mock
yet coulde no louer of all the hole flock
Circumstaunce of loue dysclose more nor better
Therfore I the substaunce beyng no greater
And by this tale afore ye all may see
All though a louer as well loued be
As loue can deuyse hym for pleasaunt spede
yet two dyspleasures telously and drede
Is myxed with loue wherby loue is a drynk mete
To gyue babes for wormes for it drynkth bytter swete
And as for this babe our louer in whose hed
By a feantyk wormes his opinion is bred
After one draught of this medsyn mynystryd

In to

In to his brayne by my brayne apoyntyd
Reason shall so tempet his opinion
That he shall see it not worth an onyon
And if he haue any other thyng to ley
I haue to conuynse hym euery way
And syns my parte nowe doth thus well appere
Be ye my parteners now all of good chere
But sylence euery man vpon a payne
For maylster woodcock is nowe come agayne.

The louer loued entreth

Louer loued. The olde seyng seyth he that seketh shall fynde
which after long sekyng true haue I founde
But for suche a fyndyng my selfe to bynde
To such a sekyng as I was now bounde
I wolde rather seke to lesse twenty punde
Howe be it I haue sought so farre to my payne
That at the last I haue founde and brought twayne

The louer not loued, and loued not louyng entreth.

No louer nor loued. Come they a horse backe.
Louer loued. Nay they come a fote
which thou myght see here, but for this great myst
No louer nor loued. By ys and yet see I thou blynde balde cote
That one of those twayne myght ryde if he lyst
Louer loued. How
No louer nor loued. Mary for he ledyth a nag on his his fyst
Maystres ye are welcome, and welcome ye be
Loued not louyng. Nay welcome be ye, for we were here before ye
No louer nor loued. ye haue ben here before me before now
And nowe I am here before you
And nowe I am here behynde ye
And nowe ye be here behynde me
And nowe we be here euyn both to gether
And nowe be we welcome euyn both hyther
Syns nowe ye fynde me here with curtsy I may
Byd you welcome hyther as I may say
But settyng this aside, let vs set a broche
The mater wherfore ye hyther approche
wherin I haue hope that ye both wyll be
Good vnto me, and especyally ye
For I haue a mynde that euery good face
Hath euer some pyte of a pore mans case
Beyng as myne is a mater so ryght
That a fole may iudge it ryght at fyrst syght
Louer not loued. Syr ye may well doubt howe my wyt wyll serue
But my wyll from ryght shall neuer swarue

Loued not louyng. Nor myne, and as ye sew for helpe to me
Lyke sewt haue I to sewe for helpe to ye
For as much nede haue I of helpe as yow
No louer nor loued. I thynke well that dere hart but tell me how
Loued not louyng. The case is this, ye twayn seme in pleasure
And we twayn in payne which payne doth procure
By comparyson betwene hym and me
As great a conflyct which of vs twayn be
In greatest payne, as is betwene ye twayne
whiche of you twayne in most pleasure doth remayne
wherin we somewhat haue here debated
And both to tell trueth so gredyly grated
Upon affection eche to our owne syde
That in conclusion we must nedes prouyde
Some such as wolde and coulde be indyffereut
And we both to stande vnto that iudgement
whereupon for lacke of a iudge in this place
we sought many places and yet in this case
No man coulde we mete that medyll wyll or can
Tyll tyme that we met with this gentylman
whome in lyke errand for lyke lacke of ayd
was dryuen to desyre our iudgement he sayd
Louer loued For soth it is I promysyng playne
They twayn betwen vs twayn geuyng iudgemēt playne
we twayn betwen them twayn shuld iudge ryght agayne
No louer nor loued. That promysse to performe I not dysdayne
For touchyng ryght as I am a ryghteous man
I wyll gyue you as muche ryght as I can
Loued not louyng. Nothyng but ryght desyre I you among
I wyllyngly wyll nother gyue nor take wronge
No louer nor loued. Nay in my conscyens I thynke by this boke
your conscyens wyll take nothyng that cometh a croke
For as in conscyens what euer ye do
ye nothyng do but as ye wolde be done to
O hope of good ende, o Mary mother
Maystres one of vs may nowe helpe a nother
But syr I pray you some mater declare
wherby I may knowe in what grefe ye arre
Louer not loued. I am a louer not loued which playne
Is dayly not dolefull but my dedly payne
No louer nor loued. I louer not loued haue ye knyt that knot
Louer not loued. ye forsoth
No louer nor loued. Forsoth ye be the more sot
Nowe maystres I hartely besech ye
Tell me what maner case your case may be
Loued not louyng. I am beloued not louyng wherby
I am not in payne but in tormentry

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No louer nor loued. Is this your tormentour god turne hym to good
Loued not louyng. Nay there is another man one me as wood
As this man on a nother woman is
No louer nor loued. ye thynke them both mad and so do I by ys
So mot I thryue but who that lyst to marke
shall perceyue here a praty peyce of warke
Let vs fall somewhat in these partes to skannyng
Louyng not loued, loued not louyng
Loued and louyng, not louyng nor loued
wyll ye see these foure partes well ioyned
Louyng not loued, and loued not louyng
Those partes can ioyne in no maner rekenyng
Louyng and loued, loued nor louer
These partes in ioynyng in lykewyse dyffer
But in that ye loue ye twayne ioyned be
And beyng not loued ye toyne with me
And beyng no louer with me ioyneth she
And beyng beloued with her toyne ye
Yad I a ioyner with me ioyned ioyntly
we ioyners shulde ioyne ioynt to ioynt quyckly
For fyrst I wolde parte these partes in fleses
And ones departed these parted peses
Parte and parte with parte I wolde so partlyke parte
That eche part shulde parte with quyet harte
Louer not loued. Syr syns it passeth your power that part to play
Let passe, and let vs partly nowe assay
To bryngc some parte of that purpose to ende
For which all partyes yet in bayne attende
Loued not louyng. I do desyre the same and that we twayne
May fyrst be harde that I may knowe my payne
Louer loued. I graunt for my parte by fayth of my body
why where the deuyll is this horeson nody
No louer nor loued. I neuer syt in iustyce but euer more
I vse to be shryuen a lyttell before
And nowe syns that my confessyon is done
I wyll depart and come take penaunce sone
when cōscyens prycketh conscyens must be sercht by god
In dyschargyng of conscyens or els gods forbod
which maketh me mete when conscyēs must come in place
To be a iudge in euery comen case
But who may lyke me his auaunsement auaunt
Nowe am I a iudge and neuer was seriaunt
which ye regarde not much by ought that I see
By any reuerence that ye do to me
Nay yet I prayse women when great men go by
They crowch to the grounde loke here how they ly

They shall haue a beck by saynt Antony
But alas good maystres I crye you mercy
That you are vnanswered but ye may see
Though two tales at ones by two eares hard may be
yet can not one mouth two tales at ones answer
which maketh you tary but in your mater
Syns ye by hast in hauyng ferdest home
wolde fyrst be sped of that for which ye come
I graunt as he graunted your wyll to fulfyll
you twayne to be harde fyrst, begyn when you wyl

Louer not loued. As these twayne vs tweyn nowe graunt fyrst to breke
Syns twayn to be harde, at ones can not speke
I now desyre your graunt, that I may open
Fyrst tale which nowe is at poynt to be spoken
which I craue no whyt my parte to auaunce
But with the pyth to auoyde circumstaunce

Loued not louyng. Speke what and whan so euer it please you
Tyll reason wyll me, I wyll not dysease you

Louer not loued. Syrs other here is a very weyke brayne
Or she hath if any a very weyke payne
For I put case that my loue I her gaue
And that for my loue, her loue I dyd craue
For which though I dayly sew day by day
what losse or payne to her if she say nay

No louer nor loued. yes by saynt Mary so the case may stande
That some woman had leuer take in hande
To ryde on your errand on hundreth myle
Then to say nay one Pater noster whyle

Louer not loued. If ye on her parte any payne defyne
which is the more paynefull her payne or myne

No louer nor loued. your payne is most if she say nay and take it
But if that she say nay and forsake it
Then is her payne a great way the greater

Loued not louyng. Syr ye alledge this nay in this mater
As though my denyal my sewter to loue
where all or the most payne that to me doth moue
wherin the treuth is a contrary playne
For though to ofte spekyng one thyng be a payne
yet is that one worde the full of my hopyng
To bryng his hopyng to dyspayre at endyng
Thus is this nay which ye take my most grefe
Though it be paynefull yet my most relefe
But my most payne is all an other thyng
which though ye forget or hyde by dyssymylyng
I partely shewed you, but all I coulde nor can
But maysters to you with payne of this man

That

That payne that I compare is partely this
I am loued of one whome the treuth is
I can not loue, and so it is with me
That from hym in maner I neuer can flee
And euery one wo/de in sewt of his parte
Nyps th/ough myne eares and rons th/ough my harte
His gastfull loke so pale that vnneth I
Dare fo/ myne eares cast to warde hym an eye
And whan I do that eye my thought p/esentyth
Streyght to my hart and thus my payne augmentyth
One tale so ofte alas and so impo/tune
His exclamacions somtyme on fo/tune
Some tyme on hym selfe some tyme vpon me
And fo/ that thyng that if my deth sholde be
B/ought streyght in place except I were content
To graunt the same, yet coulde I not assent
And he seyng this yet sealyth not to craue
what deth coulde be wo/se then this lyfe that I haue
Louer not loued. This tale to purpose purpo/teth no mo/e
But syght and hearyng complaynt of his so/e
Is onely the grefe that ye do sustayne
Alas tender hart syns ye dye in payne
This payne to perceyue by syght and hearyng
Howe coulde you lyne to knowe our payne by felyng
Marke well this question and answere as ye can
A man that is hanged o/ that mans hangman
whych man of those twayne suffereth most payne
Loued not louyng. Ye that is hanged
No louer no/ loued. By the masse it is so playne
Louer not loued. well sayd fo/ me, fo/ I am the sufferer
And ye the hangman vnderstande as it were
These cases vary in no maner a thyng
Sauyng this, serues in this mannes hangyng
Comonly is done agaynst the hangmans wyll
And ye of delyghtfull wyll, your louer kyll
Loued not louyng. Of delyghtfull wyll, nay that is not so
As ye shall perfetly perceyue o/ we go
But of those at whose hangyng haue hangmen by
Howe many haue ye knowen hang wyllyngly
No louer no/ loued. Nay neuer one in his lyfe by lady
Loued not louyng. In this to your case from our case doth vary
Fo/ ye that loue where loue wyll take no place
Your owne wyll is your owne leder a playne case
And not onely vncompelled without ale we/e
But so/e agaynst her wyll your sewt ye endewe
Nowe syns your wyll to loue did you p/ocure

And with that wyll, ye put that loue in bye
And nowe that wyll, by wyt seth loue such payne
As wytty wyll wolde wyll loue to refrayne
And ye by wyll that loue in eche condicion
To extynct, may be your owne phesicion
Except ye be a foole or wolde make me one
What seyng cowd set a good ground to syt on
To make any man thynke your payne thus strong
Makyng your owne salue, your owne sore thus long

Louer not louyd. Maystres much parte of this proces purposed
Is matter of truth truely dysclosed
My wyll without her wyll brought me in loue
Which wyll without her wyll doth make me houe
Upon her grace to see what grace wyll proue
But where ye say my wyll may me remoue
As wel from her loue, as wyll brought me to it
That is false my wyll can not wyll to do it
My wyl as farre therin out weyth my power
As a sow of led out weyth a saforne flowre

Loued not louyng. your wyl out weyth your power the where is your wyt
I merueyll that euer ye wyll speke it

Louer loued. Nay merueyll ye maystres therat no whyt
For as farre as this poynt may stretch in verdyt
I am clerely of this mans opinion

No louer nor loued. And I contrary with this mynion

Louer loued. Then be we come to a demurrer in lawe

No louer nor loued. Then be ye come from a woodcock to a daw
And by god it is no small connyng brother
For me to turne one wylde foole to a nother

Louer not loued. Nay maysters I hartely pray you both
Banyshe contencyon tyll ye see howe this goth
I wyll repet and answere her tale forthwith
The pyth for your part wherof pretendyth
A proke for your payne to be more then myne
In that my wyll not onely dyd me enclyne
To the same, but in the same by the same wyll
I wyllyngly wyll to contynue styll
And as wyll brought me and kepeth in this bey
When I wyll ye say, wyll wyll bryng me awey
Concludyng therby that if my payne were
As great as yours that I sholde suerly bere
As great and good wyll to flee my loue thus ment
As do ye your sewters presens to absent

Loued not louyng. This tale sheweth my tale perseyued euery dell

Louer not loued. Then for entre to answere it as well
Answere this put case ye as depely nowe,

Dyd loue your louer as he doth loue you
Shulde not that louyng suppose ye redres
That payne whiche lack of louyng doth posses
Loued not louyng. yes
Louer not loued. Syns loue gyuyn to hyme gyueth your selfe ease, than
Except ye loue payne, why loue ye not this man
Loued not louyng. Loue hym nay as I sayd must I streyght chose
To loue hym or els my hed here to lose
I knowe well I coulde not my lyfe to saue
with louyng wyll graunt hym my loue to haue
Louer not loued. I thynke ye speke truely for wyll wyll not be
Forced in loue wherfore the same to ye
Syns this is to you such dyffyculte
why not a thyng as dyffyculte to me
To wyll the let of loue where wyll my loue hath set
As you to wyll to set loue where wyll is your let
Loued not louyng. well sayd and put case it as harde nowe be
For you to wyll to leue her, as for me
To loue hym, yet haue ye aboue me a meane
To learne you at length to wyll to leue loue cleane
whych meane many thousandes of louers hath brought
From ryght feruent louyng to loue ryght nought
which long and oft approued meane is absens
wherto when ye wyll ye may haue lycens
whiche I craue and wyshe and can not obtayne
For he wyll neuer my presens refrayne
Louer not loued. This is a medsyn lyke as ye wolde wyll me
For thyng to kewre me the thyng that wolde kyll me
For presens of her, though I selde whan may haue
Is foole t he medsyn that my lyfe doth saue
Her absens can I with as yll wyll wyll
As I can wyll to leue to loue her styll
Thus is this wyll brought in insydently
No ayde in your purpose worth taple of a fly
And as concernyng our pryncypall mater
All that ye lay may be layd euyn a water
I wonder that shame suffereth you to compare
with my payne, syns ye are dryuen to declare
That all your payne is but syght and hearyng
Of hym that as I do dyeth in payne felyng
O payne vpon payne what paynes I sustayne
No crafte of the deuyll can expresse all my payne
In this body no lym/toynt/senow/nor veyne/
But martreth eche other, and this brayne
Chefe enmy of all by the inuentyng
Myne vnsauery sewte to her dyscontentyng

My speakyng, my hearyng, my lokyng, my thynkyng
In syttyng, in standyng, in wakyng, or wynkyng,
what euer I do, or where euer I go
My brayne and myshap in all these do me wo
As for my senses eche one of all fyue
wondreth as it can to fele it selfe a lyue
And than hath loue goten all in one bed
Hym selfe and his seruauntes to lodge in this hed
Vayne hope, dyspayre, drede, and audacite,
Hast, wast, lust without lykyng or lyberte
Dilygence, humilyte, trust, and telousy,
Delyre, pacyent sufferaunce, and constansy,
These with other in this hed lyke swarmes of bees
Styng in debatyng theyr contrarietees
The venym wherof from this hed dystylleth
Downe to this brest and this hart it kylleth
All tymes in all places of this body
By this dystemperaunce thus dystemprzed am I
Sheueryng in colde and yet in hete I dye
Drowned in moysture parched perchment drye
No louer nor loued. Colde hote moste drye all in all places at ones
Mary syr this is an agew for the nones
But or we gyue iudgement I must serch to bew
whether this euydens be false or trew
Nay stande styll your part shall proue neuer the wars
Fo by saynt sauour here is a whot ars
Let me fele your nose, nay fere not man be bolde
well though this ars be warme and this nose colde
yet these twayne by attorney brought in one place
Are as he seyth colde and whot both in lyke case
O what payne drought is see how his dry lyps
Smake for more moyster of his warme moyst hyps
Breath out, these eyes are dull but this nose is quycker
Here is most moyster, your breath smelleth of lycker
Loued not louyng. well syns ye haue opened in this tale tellyng
The full of your payne for spede to endyng
I shall in fewe wordes such one question dysclose
As if your answere gyue cause to suppose
The hole of the same to be answered at full
we nede no iudgement for yelde my selfe I wull
Put case this man loued a woman such one
who were in his lykyng the thyng alone
And that his loue to her were not so myckyll
But her fancy towarde hym were as lyttyll
And that she hyd her selfe so day and nyght
That selde tyme whan he myght come in her syght

And

And then put case that one to you loue dyd bere
A woman that other so vgly were
That eche kys of her mouth called you to gybbes fest
Or that your fancy abhorred her so at lest
That her presens were as swete to suppose
As one shulde present
No louer nor loued. A tode to his nose
Loued not louyng. ye in good fayth, wherto the case is this
That her spytfull presens absent neuer is
Of these two cases if chaunce shulde dryue you
To chose one, which wolde ye chuse tell trouth now
what ye study
No louer nor loued. Tary ye be to gredy
Men be not lyke women alway redy
Louer not loued. In good soth to tell treuth of these cases twayne
which case is the wurst is to me vncertayne
Loued not louyng. First case of these twayne I put for your parte
And by the last case apereth myne owne smarte
If they proceed with this first case of ours
Then is our mater vndoubtedly yours
And if iudgement passe with this last case in fyne
Then is the mater alewredly myne
Syns by these cases our partes so do seme
That which is most paynefull your selfe can not deme.
If ye nowe wyll all circumstaunce eschew
Make this question in these cases our yssew
And the payne of these men to abreuyate
Set all our other mater as frustrate
Louer not loued. Agreed
Loued not louyng. Then further to abredge your payne
Syns this our yssew apereth thus playne
As folke not doubtyng your consciens nor connyng
we shall in the same let passe all resonyng
yeldyng to your iudgement the hole of my parte
Louer not loued. And I lykewyse myne with wyll and good harte
No louer nor loued So lo make you low curtsy to me now
And streyght I wyll make as lowe curtsy to you
Nay stande ye here the vpper ende I pray ye
For the neyther ende is good ynough for me
your cases which enclude your grefe eche whyt
Shall dwell in this hed
Louer loued. And in myne but yet
Or that we herein our iudgement publysly
I shall desyre you that we twayne may fynysly
As farre in our mater towarde iudgement
As ye haue done in yours to the entent

That we our partes brought to gether thyther
May come to iudgement fro thens to gyther

No louer nor loued — By lady syr and I desyre the same

Loued not louyng. — I wolde ye began

Louer not loued. — Begyn then in goddes name

Louer loued. — Shall I begyn

No louer nor loued. — Syns I loke but for wynnyng
Gyue me the ende and take you the begynnyng

Louer loued. — who shall wynne the ende, the ende at ende shall try
For my parte wherof nowe thus begyn I
I am as I sayd a beloued louer
And ye no louer nor beloued nother
In which two cases he maketh his auaunt
Of both our partes to proue his most pleasaunt
But be ye assuered by ought I yet se
In his estate no maner pleasure can be

No louer nor loued. — yes two maner pleasures ye must nedes confes
Fyrst I haue the pleasure of quyetnes
And the secounde is I am contented

Louer loued. — That seconde pleasure now secondly inuented
To compare with pleasure by contentashyon
Is a very seconde ymagynashyon

No louer nor loued. — Then shewe your wyt for proofe of this in hande
Howe may pleasure without contentacyon stande

Louer loued. — Pleasure without contentacyon can not be
But contentacyon without pleasure we se
In thynges innumerable euery day
Of all which marke these which I shall nowe ley
Put case that I for pleasure of some frende
Or some thyng which I longed to se at ende
wolde be content to ryde thre score myle this nyght
And neuer wolde bayte nor neuer alyght
I myght be ryght well content to do this
And yet in this doyng no pleasure there is
Moreouer ye by pacyent sufferaunce
May be contented with any myschaunce
The losse of your chylde frende or any thyng
That in this worlde to you can be longyng
wherin ye contented neuer so well
yet is your contentacyon pleasure no dell

No louer nor loued. — These two examples by ought that I se
Be no thyng the thynges that any thynge touch me
with deth of my chylde my beyng contented
Or payne with my frende wyllyngly assented
Is not contentacyon voluntary
For that contentacyon cometh forceably

But

But my contentacion standeth in such thyng
As I wolde fyrst wyshe if it went by wyshyng

Louer loued. Syr be ye contented euen as ye tell
yet your contentacyon can nother excell
Nor be compared egall to myne estate
For touchyng contentacyon I am in rate
As hyely contented to loue as ye se
As ye to forbere loue can wyshe to be
Had I no more to say in this argument
But that I am as well as you content
yet hath my parte nowe good approbacyon
To match with yours euen by contentacyon
But contentacion is not all the thyng
That I for my loue haue in recompencyng
Iboue contentacyon pleasures felyng
Haue I so many, that no wyght lyuyng
Can by any wyt or tonge the same report
O the pleasaunt pleasures in our resorte
After my beyng from her any whyther
what pleasures haue we in commyng to gyther
Eche tap on the grounde towarde me with her fote
Doth bathe in delyght my very harte rote
Euery twynke of her aluryng eye
Reuyueth my spirites euen thorowoutly
Eche worde of her mouth not a preparatyue
But the ryght medicyne of preseruatyue
we be so toconde and ioyfully ioyned
Her loue for my loue so currantly coyned
That all pleasures yerthly the treuth to declare
Are pleasures not able with ours to compare
This mouth in maner receyueth no food
Loue is the fedyng that doth this body good
And this hed dyspysyeth all these eyes wynkyng
Longer then loue doth kepe this harte thynkyng
To dreame on my swete harte, loue is my feader
Loue is my lorde, and loue is my leader
Of all myne affayres in thought, worde, and dede,
Loue is the Christs crosse that must be my spede

No louer nor loued. By this I perceyue wel ye make rekenyng
That loue is a goodly and a good thyng

Louer loued. Loue good what yll in loue canst thou make apere

No louer nor loued. yes I shal proue this loue at this tyme ment here
In this mans case as yll as is the deuyll
And in your case I shall proue loue more euyll
what tormentry coulde all the deuylles in hell
Deuyse to his payne that he doth not tell

what payne bryngeth that body those deuyls in that hed
which mynysters alway by loue are led
He frysyth in fyre he drowneth in drought
Eche parte of his body loue hath brought abought
where eche to helpe other shulde be dylygent
They marter eche other the man to torment
without stynt of rage his paynes be so sore
That no fende may torment man in hell more
And as in your case to proue that loue is
wurs than the deuyll my meanyng is this
Loue dystempereth hym by torment in payne
And loue dystempereth you as farre in ioy playne
your owne confession declareth that ye
Eate, drynke, or slepe euyn as lyttell as he
And he that lacketh any one of those three
Be it by ioy or by payne clere ye see
Deth must be sequell howe euer it be
And thus are ye both brought by loues inductyon
By payne or by ioy to lyke poynt of dystructyon
which poynt aproueth loue in this case past
Beyonde the deuyll in turmentry to haue a cast
For I trowe ye fynde not that the deuyll can fynde
To turment man in hell by any pleasauut mynde
wherby as I sayd I say of loue styll
Of the deuyll and loue, loue is the more yll
And at begynnyng I may say to yow
If god had sene as much as I say now
Loue had ben Lucyfer and doubt ye no whyt
But experyens nowe hath taught god such wyt
That if ought come at Lucyfer other then good
To whyp soules on the brech loue shalbe the blood
And sewet he is one that can not lyue long
For aged folke ye wot well can not be strong
And an other thyng his phisicyou doth ges
That he is infecte with the blak iawndes

Louer loued. No fetther then ye be enfecte with folye
For in all these wordes no worde can I espye
Such as for your parte any profe aucoucheth

No louer nor loued. For profe of my parte, no but it toucheth
The dysprofe of yours for where you alledged
your parte aboue myne to be compared
By pleasures in which your dyspleasures are such
That ye eate, drynke, nor slepe, or at most not much
In lacke wherof my tale proueth playnly
Eche parte of your pleasure a turmentry
wherby your good loue I haue proued so euyll

That

That loue is apparaunthly wors then the deuyll
And as touchyng my parte there can arylse
No maner dyspleasures nor tormentryes
In that I loue not, nor am not loued
I moue no dyspleasures nor none to me moued
But all dyspleasures of loue fro me absent
By absens wherof I quyetly content

Louer loued. Syr where ye sayd and thynke ye haue sayd wel
That my ioy by loue shall bryng deth in sequell
In that by the same in maner I dysdayne
Fode and slepe, this prouerbe answereth you playne
Loke not on the meat, but loke on the man
Nowe loke ye on me and say what ye can

No louer nor loued Nay for a tyme loue may puffe vp a thynge
But lackyng fode and slepe deth is the endyng

Louer loued well syr tyll such tyme as deth approue it
This part of your tale may slepe euery whyt
And where ye by absent dyspleasure wolde
Match with my present pleasure ye seme more bolde
Then wyse, for those twayne be farre dyfferent sewer

No louer nor loued. Is not absens of dyspleasure a pleasure

Louer loued. yes in lyke rate as a post is pleased
which as by no meane it can be dyseased
By dyspleasure present so is it trew
That no pleasure present in it can ensew
Pleasures or dyspleasures felyng sensyblyly
A post ye knowe well can not fele possyblyly
And as a post in this case I take you
Concernynge the effecte of pleasure in hande now
For any felyng ye in pleasure indure
More then ye say ye fele in dyspleasure

No louer nor loued. Syr though the effecte of your pleasure present
Be more pleasaunt then dyspleasure absent
yet howe compare ye with myne absent payne
By present dyspleasures in which ye remayne

Louer loued. My present dyspleasures I knowe none such

No louer nor loued. Knowe ye no payne by loue lytell nor much

Louer loued. No.

No louer nor loued. Then shall I shewe such a thyng in this purs
As shortly shall shewe herein your parte the wurs
Nowe I pray god the deuyll in hell blynde me
By the masse I haue lefte my boke behynde me
I beseche our lorde I neuer go hens
If I wolde not rather haue spent forty pens
But syns it is thus I must go fetch it
I wyll not tary, a syr the deuyll stretch it

Fare

Louer loued. Farewell dawcock
No louer nor loued. Farewell woodcock
Louer loued. He is gone
Loued not louyng. Gone ye but he wyll come agayne anone
Louer loued. Nay this nyght he wyll no more dysseaſe you
Gyue iudgement hardely euen whan it pleaſe you
which done ſyth he is gone my ſelfe streyght ſhall
Ryghtouſly betwene you gyue iudgement fynall
But lorde what a face this fole hath ſet here
Tyll ſhame defaced his foly ſo clere
That ſhame hath ſhamfully in ſyght of you all
with ſhame dryuen hym hens to his ſhamefull fall
wherin all though I nought gayne by wynnyng
That ought may augment my pleaſure in louyng
yet ſhall I wyn therby a pleaſure to ſee
That ye all ſhall ſee the mater pas with me
what though the profyte may lyghtly be lodyn
It greueth a man to be ouer trodyn
Nay whan I ſaw that his wynnyng muſt growe
By payne pretendyng in my parte to ſhewe
Then wyſt I well the nody muſt cum
To do as he dyd or ſtande and play mum
No man/no woman/no chylde in this place
But I durſt for iudgement truſt in this caſe
All doubt of my payne by his profe by any meane
His ronnyng away hath nowe ſcrapt out cleane
werfore gyue iudgement and I ſhall returne
In place hereby where my dere hart doth ſoiurne
And after ſalutacion betwene vs had
Such as is mete to make louers hartes glade
I ſhall to retoyce her in mery tydynges
Declare the hole table of this fooles leſynges

Here the vyſe cometh in rōnyng ſodenly aboute the place among the audyens with a hye copyn tānk on his hed full of ſquybs fyred cryeng water water/fyre fyre/fyre/water / water / fyre / tyll the fyre in the ſquybs be ſpent.

Louer loued. water and fyre
No louer nor loued. Nay water for fyre I meane
Louer loued. well thanked be god it is out nowe cleane
Howe cam it there
No louer nor loued. Syr as I was goyng
To fet my boke for which was my departyng
There chaunced in my way a houſe hereby

To fyre

To fyre which is burned pyteously
But mercuelously the people do mone
For a woman they say a goodly one
A soloner whome in this house burned is
And shoutyng of the people for helpe in this
Made me runne thyther to haue done some good
And at a wyndowe therof as I stood
I thrust in my hed and euyn at a flush
Fyre flasht in my face and so toke my bush

Louer loued. what house?

No louer nor loued. A house paynted with red oker
The owner wherof they say is a broker

Louer loued. Then brick hart alas why lyue I this day
My dere harte is dystroyd lyfe and welth away

No louer nor loued. what man syt downe and be of good chere
Gods body mayster woodcock is gone clere
O mayster woodcock fayr mot be fall ye
Of ryght mayster woodcock I must nowe call ye
Maystres stande you here afore and rubbe hym
And I wyll stande here behynde and dubbe hym
Nay the chylde is a slepe ye nede not rock
Mayster woodcock mayster wood wood woodcock
where folke be farre within a man must knock
Is not this a pang trow ye beyonde the nock
Speke mayster woodcock, speke parot I pray ye
My leman your lady ey wyll ye see
My lady your leman one vntertakes
To be safe from fyre by slyppyng through a lakes

Louer loued. That worde I harde but yet I see her not

No louer nor loued. No more do I mayster woodcock our lorde wot

Louer loued. Unto that house where I dyd see her last
I wyll seke to see her and if she be past
So that to apere there I can not make her
Then wyll I burne after and ouertake her

The louer loued goeth out.

No louer nor loued. well ye may burne to gyther for all this
And do well ynough for ought that is yet amys
For gods sake one ronne after and bast hym
It were great pyte the fyre shulde wast hym
For beyng fatte your knowledge must recorde
A woodcock well rost is a dyshe for a lorde
And for a woodcock ye all must nowe knowe hym
By mater of recorde that so doth shewe hym
And breuely to bryng you all out of dowt
All this haue I feyned to bryngе abowt

Hym selfe to conuynce hym selfe euen by acte
As he hath done here in doyng this facte
He taketh more thought for this one woman nowe
Then coulde I for all in the worlde I make auowe
which hath so shamefully defaced his parte
That to returne nother hath he face nor harte
which sene, whyles he and she lese tyme in kyssyng
Gyue ye with me iudgement a godes blessyng

Louer loued. The proofe of my sayeng at my first entre
That wretch bryngeth now in place in that I leyde
Dyssimblyng mans mynde by apparence, to be
Thyng inconuenyent, which thyng as I seyd
Is proued nowe true, howe was I dysmeyd
By his false facyng the deth of my darlyng
whome I thanke god is in helth and eyleth nothyng

No louer nor loued Syr I beseche you of all your dysmayyng
what other cause can ye ley then your louyng

Louer loued. My louyng, nay all the cause was your lyeng

No louer nor loued. what had my lye done if ye had not loued

Louer loued. what dyd my loue tyll your lye was moued

No louer nor loued. By these two questions it semeth we may make
your loue and my lye to parte euenly the stake
Louyng and lyeng haue we brought nowe hyther
Louers and lyers to ley both to gyther
But put case my lye of her deth were true
what excuse for your loue coulde then ensue

Louer loued. If fortune god saue her dyd bryng her to it
The faute were in fortune and in loue no whyt

No louer nor loued. The hole faute in fortune by my sheth well yt
God sende your fortune better then your wyt

Louer loued. well syr at extremyte I can proue
The faute in fortune as much as in loue

No louer nor loued. Then fortune in lyke case with loue nowe ioyne yow
As I with louyng ioyned lyeng euen now
And well they may ioyne all by ought that I se
For eche of all thre I take lyke vanyte
But syns ye confesse that your part of such payne
Cometh halfe by loue, and that it is certayne
That certayne paynes to loued louers do moue
In whiche the faute in nothyng saue onely loue
Is dred and ielousy eche of which with mo
To your estate of loue is a dayly fo
And I clere out of loue declaryng such show
As in my case no payne to me can grow
I say this conspired hath pyth suffycyent
In proofe of my parte to dryue you to iudgement

Nay

Lover loued. Nay syrst a fewe wordes, syr though I confes
That loue bryngeth some payne and your case paynles
By meane of your contented quyetnes
Yet thactuall pleasures that I posses
Are as farre aboue the case that ye profes
As is my payne in your ymagynacyon
Under the pleasures of contentacyon
Thus wade how ye wyll one way or other
If ye wynne one way ye shall lese another
But if ye intende for ende to be breke
Joine wyth me herein for indifferent preke
A tree ye knowe wel is a thinge that hath life
And such a thinge as neuer feleth payne or strife
But euer quiet and alway contented
And as there can no way be inuented
To bringe a tree dyspleasure by felinge paine
So no felinge pleasure in it can remayne
A hors is a thinge that hath life also
And he by felinge feleth both welth and wo
By dryuinge or drawinge al day in the mier
Many paynefull iorneys hath he in hier
But after al those he hath alway at night
These pleasures folowing to his great delyght
Fyrst fayre washt at a riuer or a weyre
And straight brought to a stabel warme and fayre
Dry rubbyd and chafed from hed to hele
And corryd tyll he be slyke as an ele
Then he is littrid in maner nose hie
And hey as much as will in his belie
Then prouender hath he otes pese benes or brede
Which feding in felinge as pleasaunt to his hede
As to a couetous man to beholde
Of his owne westminster hall full of golde
After which feding he slepeth in quiet rest
Dewring such time as his meat may degest
Al this considred, a hors or a tree
If ye must chose the tone which wouide ye be
No louer nor loued. When the hors must to labour by our lady
Lover loued. I had leuer be a tree then a hors I.
No louer nor loued. But howe when he resteth and fylleth his gorge
Lover loued. Then wolde I be a hors and no tree by saint George
No louer nor loued. But what if he must nedes sticke to the tone
Lover loued. Which were then best by the masse I can name none
The first case is yours and the next is for me
In case lyke a tree I may liken ye
For as a tree hath lyfe within feling

wherby it feleth pleasing not displeasing
And can not be but contented quietly
Euen the like case is yours now presently
And as the hors feleth paine and not the tree
Lykewyse I haue paine and no paine haue ye
And as a hors aboue a tree felyth pleasure
So fele I pleasure aboue you in rate sure
And as the tre feleth nother and the hors both
Euen so pleasure and paine betwene vs twaine goeth
Sins these two cases so indifferently fall
That your selfe can iudge nother for perciall
For indifferent ende I thinke this way best
Of all our reasoning to debarre the rest
And in these two cases this one question
To be the issue that we shal toyne on

No louer nor loued. Be it so

Louer loued. Nowe are these issues cowched so nie
That both sides I trust shall take ende shortly

Louer not loued. I hope and desire the same and syns we
were fyrst harde, we both humbly beseche ye
That we in like wise maye haue iudgement furst

Louer loued. I graunt

No louer nor loued. By the masse and I come best or wurst

Louer loued. Though nature force man styfly to encline
To his owne parte in ech particuler thing!
yet reason wolde man whan man shal determine
Other mens partes by indifferent awarding
Indifferent to be in al his reasoning
wherfore in this parte cut out of affection
So that indifferency be direction

No louer nor loued. Contented with that and by ought I espy
we may in this mater take ende quickly
Scan we theyr cases as she did apply them
That we may perceiue what is ment by them
He loueth vnloued a goodly one
She is loued not louinge of an vgly one
Or in his eye his louer semeth goodly
And in her eye her lober semeth as vgly
Her most desyred angels face he can not see
His most lothely hell houndes face she can not flee
He loueth, she abhorreth wherby presens is
His like, her deth, wherby I say euen this
Be his feling paines in euery degre
As great and as many as he sayth they be
yet in my iudgement by these cases hath she
As great and as many feling paines as he

when

Louer loued. When mater at full is indifferently leyd
As ye in this iugement haue leyd this nowe
what reason the tyme by me shulde be deleyd
ye haue spoken my thought wherfore to you
In peysing your paines my consciens doth alowe
A iust counterpaise and thus your paynes be
Iudged by vs twaine one paine in degre
Louer not loued. Well sins your conscyens driueth you thus to iudge
I receiue this iudgement without greke or grudge
Loued not louing. And I in like rate, yelding vnto you twaine
Harty thankes for this your vndeserued paine
Louer not loued. Nowe maisters may it please you to declare
As touching their partes of what minde ye are
Loued not louinge. With right good will sir, and sure I suppose
Their partes in fewe wordes mate come to point te well
The two examples which he did disclose
All errours or doubtes do clerly expell
The estate of a tre his estate doth tell
And of the hors his tale wel vnderstande
Declareth as well his case nowe in hande

For as nothing can please or displease a tre
By ani pleasure or displeasue feling
Nor neuer bring a tre discontent to be
So like case to him not loued nor louing
Loue can no way bring pleasing or displeasing
Liue women, die women, sinke women, or swim,
In all he content, for al is one to him

And as a horse hath mani painefull fornes
A louer best loued hath paines in like wise
As here hath apered by sondry weys
which sheweth his case in worst part to rise
But then as the horse feleth pleasure in sise
At night in the stable aboue the tre
So feleth he some pleasure as farre aboue ye

In some case he feleth much more pleasure then he
And in some case he feleth euen as mucheleſſe
Betwene the more and the lesse it semeth to me
That betwene their pleasures no choise is to gesse
Wherfore I giue iudgement in short processe
Set the one pleasure euin to the tother
No louer nor loued. Womanly spoken maistres by the roodes mother

Louer not loued. Who heareth this tale wyth in different minde

And seeth of these twaine eche one so full bent
To his owne parte that nother in harte can finde
To chaunge pleasures with other must nedes assent
That she in these wordes hath gyuen ryght iudgement
In affirmance wherof I iudge and awarde
Both these pleasures of yours as one in regarde

Louer loued. wel syns I thinke ye both without corrupcion
I shall moue no mater of interrupcion
No louer nor loued. Nor I but maysters though I say nought in this
May I not thinke my pleasure more than his
Loued not louing. Affeccion vnbridled may make vs al thynke
That eche of vs hath done other wronge
But where reason taketh place it can not sinke
Syns cause to be percial here is none vs amonge
That one hed that wolde thinke his owne wit so strong
That on his iudges he myght iudgement deuise
What iudge in so iudging coulde iudge hym wyse
well myne estate ryght wel contenteth me
Louer loued. And I with myne as well content as ye
No louer nor loued.

Louer not loued. So shulde ye both likewise be contented
Eche other to see content in such degree
As on your partes our iugement hath awarded
your neyghbour in pleasure lyke your selfe to be
Gladly to wishe Christes precept doth byndeye
Thus contentacion shulde alway prefer
One man to ioy the pleasure of an other

Louer loued. True and contencion may be in like case
Al though no helth yet helpe and greate relefe
In both your paynes for ye hauing such grace
To be contented in sufferaunce of grefe
Shall by contentacion auoide much myschiefe
Such as the contrary shall suerly bring you
Payne to paine as paiueful as your paine is nowe

Thus not we foure but al the worlde beside
Knowledge them selfe or other in ioy or payne
Hath nede of contentacion for a gyde
Hauinge ioy or payne content let vs remayne
In ioy or payne of other flee we disdaine
Be we content welth or woo, and eche for other
Retoyse in the tone and pyte the tother

Louer not loued. Syns such contencion may hardly acorde

In such

In such kynde of loue as here hath ben ment
Let vs seke the loue of that louyng lorde
who to suffer passion for loue was content
wherby his louers that loue for loue assent
Shall haue in fyne aboue contentacyon
The felyng pleasure of eternall saluacyon

which lorde of lordes whose ioyfull and blessed byrth
Is now remembred by tyme presentyng
This accustomyd tyme of honest myrth
That lorde we beseche in most humble meanyng
That it may please hym by mercyfull hearyng
The estate of this audyens longe to endure
In myrth, helth, and welth, to graunt his pleasure

A M E N.

Prynted by. w. Rastell
M.cccc.xxxiiii.
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